

BATTLE OF OLUSTEE

February 20, 1864.

By REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

THE battle of Olustee, fought 48 years ago yesterday—February 20, 1864—is justly entitled to rank among the "decisive" conflicts of history. There have been greater battles, but no battle ever fought was more completely decisive of the matter at issue than was that same little "affair" at Olustee.

By suggestion of Mr. Lincoln and his cabinet the military authorities in Florida were to redeem the state in the following way: They were to send a column of union troops well into the country west of Jacksonville, and when well in the interior were to occupy a strong position.

From that point they were to break up all communication between east, middle and west Florida by the destruction of the railroads and bridges in the region about the Suwannee river. The southern confederacy would thus not only be deprived of a large quantity of the foodstuff that it had been drawing from east and south Florida, but a rallying point would at the same time be established for any of the inhabitants who might be disposed to

attempt the organization of a government acknowledging allegiance to the United States.

Such was the program, and under instructions from the secretary of war, Gen. Gilmore sent Gen. Truman Seymour with 7000 men to put the plan into effect.

Seymour carried out the first part of his orders all right—he got a good way into the interior, and there he began to have trouble. At Olustee he found across his path Gen. "Joe" Plant, and some 4000 rebels. Somehow the president's program had become known to the enemy, and Pineau, gathering together the scattered confederate bands, determined to do what he could to frustrate it.

The battle, a "fair square, stand-up fight," took place in a beautiful pine wood, having but little undergrowth. It lasted about two hours, and was, for the numbers engaged, one of the bloodiest encounters of the whole war. The confederate losses were 226, the Union 190—a casualty list that is seldom shown in the histories of war.

Gen. Seymour got back to his headquarters as fast as he could, and made no further attempt to materialize the president's plan regarding Florida.

Yes, Olustee was a decisive battle. It there ever was one.

NEW AMBASSADOR TO FRENCH COURT

Myron T. Herrick, formerly governor of Ohio, who has been appointed ambassador to France by president Taft.



ambassador to France by president Taft, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of ambassador Bacon.

There is no better medicine made for colds than Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It acts on nature's plan, relieves the lungs, opens the secretions, aids expectoration, and restores the system to a healthy condition. For sale by all druggists.

If You Want to Be in Style

—and of course you do—be sure to see The Pictorial Review Spring Fashion Book. If you select your dresses from it, you do not run the risk of having them out of date as soon as they are made.

Pictorial Review fashions just can't help being the latest. The whole Pictorial Review business, as very likely you know, is part of the same American Fashion Company which supplies (as it has for twenty years past) the cloak and suit manufacturers with all their advance models—and they must have their styles three or four months before the retail selling season opens, so as to get their goods made up. So it is very evident that Pictorial Review fashions can be, and are, offered you perhaps even before dry goods stores put the newest models on sale.

Pictorial Review Patterns

There are two more reasons why are so superior to all others:

In each pattern is a patented Cutting Guide. This shows how to lay out the pattern correctly—and just as scientifically as an expert cutter could do, so as to use the least possible material. There is absolutely no chance of making mistakes—no chance of cutting two backs for two fronts, no chance of wasting an inch anywhere.

With each Pictorial Review pattern is also a patented Construction Guide, showing how to produce a perfectly fitting garment with absolute certainty. There can be no doubt about a pattern made from Pictorial Review patterns—it looks right, fits right and stays right.

Because of these Guides, there is great economy in using Pictorial Review patterns. Other pattern makers, who can't use this Cutting Guide, realize that you won't lay out the material as carefully as a professional cutter, so they allow an extra half yard or so of material to compensate for your possible mistakes. You always pay for this extra material when you use other patterns—but with Pictorial Review patterns you save your goods.

These two Guides, both FREE, are given only with Pictorial Review patterns.

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Try one Pictorial Review Pattern—just one will start you buying them regularly.

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ANNETTE KELLERMANN

The Famous Swimmer and Physical Culture Expert, On The Right Road To Health

HOW TO BE GRACEFUL

Ideal Proportions of the Female Figure and How to Acquire Them.

By ANNETTE KELLERMANN.

FEW women are satisfied with their figures, and the question I am asked most often is: "What should my measurements be, and how much should I weigh?"

To answer as many of them as I can at once, I shall give a chart of the weight and proportions of the American ideal figure.

The celebrated stamper of Venus de Medicis is taken by many as the ideal in height. This shows a woman 5



feet 3 inches high, whose waist measures 27 1/2, hips 36 1/2, chest 33 1/2.

But the general ideal of beauty for women seems to call for a taller stature, so I print the proportions for different heights.

Height	Weight	Chest	Waist	Hips
5.0 ft.	100 lbs.	27 in.	22 1/2 in.	33 1/2 in.
5.1 ft.	106 lbs.	27 1/2 in.	23 in.	34 in.
5.2 ft.	113 lbs.	28 in.	23 1/2 in.	34 1/2 in.
5.3 ft.	121 lbs.	28 1/2 in.	24 in.	35 in.
5.4 ft.	129 lbs.	29 in.	24 1/2 in.	35 1/2 in.
5.5 ft.	137 lbs.	29 1/2 in.	25 in.	36 in.
5.6 ft.	146 lbs.	30 in.	25 1/2 in.	36 1/2 in.
5.7 ft.	154 lbs.	30 1/2 in.	26 in.	37 in.
5.8 ft.	163 lbs.	31 in.	26 1/2 in.	37 1/2 in.
5.9 ft.	172 lbs.	31 1/2 in.	27 in.	38 in.

Now, most women, especially those devotees of fashion who have whittled their figures down to the last fraction by dint of much corseting and wrong diet, won't approve of these figures. Naturally, then, these proportions mean HEALTH, seldom synonymous with fashion, yet if you put a woman of ideal proportions according to the chart and place her near one of our fashionable lay figures, unless you have no real eye for beauty, you will find the ideal proportions, not the fashionable ones.

The girl of 5 feet in height who weighs 100 pounds is not fat, though I know nowadays that woman wants to be just as slender as possible and the sea is to look as if you would break in two.

It may be fashionable, but it's not healthy, and the reason we have so many neurasthenic, nervous women around with haggard faces is because



of the violent methods they employ in getting thin and in keeping just a little too thin, just a little underweight according to this chart of ideal proportions.

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MARRIED LIFE THE THIRD YEAR

In Which Helen's Efforts to Economize Turn Out Most Disastrously.

BY MABEL HERBERT URNER

"FIVE dollars!" asked Helen in dismay. "Will it be that much?"

With this drop skirt and all this lace in the waist! The woman took the dress from the box in which Helen had brought it and shook it out on the counter. "Why, we never clean any dress with a drop less than \$5."

Helen hesitated. "I'm afraid that's more than I care to spend. I'm feeling slightly. I didn't think it would be over three."

"You couldn't get it cleaned anywhere for three," sniffed the woman haughtily, putting the dress back in the box. "Why, we get \$3 for a plain white slip like that," pointing to a white mull dress in the case.

Meekly Helen took the box and hurried home. This was the second cleaner's she had been to, and they had both wanted \$5. She felt it would be useless to try to get it cleaned at any good place for less and she was afraid to risk the cheaper ones.

In her own room she took out the dress and spread it on the bed. What could she do with it? It was her best afternoon gown—a pastel blue crepe de chene. She needed it desperately. Since the humiliating letter from Warren about expenses, Helen had grimly resolved to spend not one cent on herself personally.

Money for the house and Winifred—she must take from him. But money for herself—she would do without unless she herself could earn it. She had written Warren that she had resolved to be independent of him as far as her personal expenses were concerned, and this resolve she intended to keep.

Warren's Cruelty.

But first of all she must get her clothes in shape. Whatever new venture any woman contemplates, her first thought is always to first put her clothes in order. And so Helen was now going over her limited wardrobe. She had had so little in the last year, and yet she thought, bitterly, Helen had accused her of extravagance!

This little blue afternoon gown she had wanted to have cleaned for some time, but had put it off, hoping to have it done some week with expense were less than usual.

Above everything else Helen loved her gowns fresh and dainty. And this must be cleaned. She could no longer wear it as it was. With a sudden impulse she took it out to the kitchen.

"Della, do you think we could clean this dress here?"

Della looked at it doubtfully. "I dunno, ma'am."

"Well, I'm going to try. There's a bottle of cleaning fluid here that Mr. Curtis brought home for his tie, and some of the worst places, and if it's good we can get enough more to sponge over the whole dress."

"I dunno, ma'am. I don't take much stock in them cleaning fluids. They

It's fashionable just now to have drooping shoulders and a flat chest; it's fashionable to glide on rather drag, one's self along, but these fashions are not going to last.

HEALTH, MAGNETISM, VITALITY—these are the real ideals, and when enough women acquire the first fashions must adapt themselves to their demands. Then good-bye to the horrible!

To be healthy you must exercise and you must exercise systematically. Also you must keep it up.

I believe swimming is about the best exercise in the world for women who have no organic trouble.

Many organic troubles are curable, or at least can be helped by a course of physical culture, but no one should try this without working under the eyes of a trainer.

Swimming has made my figure what it is, and daily exercise in the tank and out of it keeps my measurements

the same. I seldom wear corsets and I don't need them except to keep a tight frock from wrinkling. If I ever have to wear one, which is not often, I find my muscles are tight and feel my muscles getting cramped, and any woman whose muscles are cramped is awkward, no matter how much motion she has spent in lessons to acquire grace.

How to Be Graceful.

Only the body that is perfectly free is graceful, and the body soon acquires a natural grace when it is not hampered with tight clothes.

All children are graceful until they get to the age of self-consciousness. Self-consciousness acts upon the muscles, just as tight clothing does. It cramps them and hinders free, graceful, natural movement.

Every child should be taught to swim and to dance, because these forms of exercise counteract the effect of self-consciousness and are beneficial from the mental side as well as from the physical one.

Swimming develops courage, self-confidence; it helps develop the figure into lines of beauty and grace.

The good dancer, on the other hand, acquires that poise of body, the conscious command of every muscle, which is invaluable in giving one mental poise and balance as well.

Few people realize how very intimate is the relationship between the body and mind. If you control the first you stand a better chance of controlling the other, and that is what we are all after in these times, isn't it?

most always leaves a worse spot than they take out."

But Helen was not to be discouraged by Della's lack of enthusiasm. Della was never enthusiastic about anything that might involve any work on her part.

She took several moments to find the cleaning fluid among the bottles on the top shelf in the bathroom.

"Why, Della, this stuff is thick with oil—get pan of water and wipe it off—and these bottles, too—they're covered!"

And Della grumblingly obeyed. This was why she always looked with disapproval on any of Helen's ventures—they usually ended by making more work for her.

"Cleaning fluid," Helen read aloud from the label. "Cleans the most delicate fabrics without injury."

"Directions—Moisten a soft flannel cloth with the Cleaning Fluid and gently rub the article to be cleaned. Do not confine rubbing to the soiled spot, by going over more of the surface no ring will be left. Will not injure the most delicate fabric. Caution—Do not use before an open fire or gas."

Helen first covered the dining room table with a sheet and then spread the dress out upon it, curing some of the fluid in a saucer, she spotted the spots around the bottom of the skirt, carefully following the directions.

The Dress Ruined.

But, to her dismay, dark rings outlined the places that had been cleaned. And when she tried to sponge away the rings she succeeded only in making them larger. Hurriedly she poured out half of the bottle and went over one whole breadth of the skirt, hoping that by going over a large surface and rubbing it dry the rings would be cleared away. But wherever she sponged with the fluid it left the same mottled, streaked appearance. She used the other half of the bottle trying to improve it, but only made it worse.

Almost in tears, she shook the dress out over a chair. Had she ruined it? At least she could have looked with approval on any of Helen's ventures—they usually ended by making more work for her.

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a large dhalpan, she dipped the whole dress in. The odor was choking. Not wanting it to get through the house, she kept the bathroom door closed. In a few moments the dress had soaked up the whole painful, and she had to pour in the other bottle. Most of this, too, was quickly soaked up, and the rest was almost black. She tried to rinse it up and down, but there was not enough gasoline left for that. The fumes were more and more sickening. She was growing faint and dizzy, as though she was being chloroformed. And her hands were red and smarting.

Almost overpowered with the fumes, she still tried to switch the driver around. It was only a dark, wet mass now, and she could not tell whether or not the streaks were out. Yet, with the desperate determination, she kept at it. It would be so hard to get more gasoline, and now that she had begun she must do it as well as she could. So she shook and swished the dress about until she could stand it no longer.

Then she opened the bathroom door and staggered out, the wet dress on her arm.

Helen is ill.

"Get a coat-hanger, quick, Della. Hang this up somewhere."

"Why, yours as white as paper, ma'am; what's the matter? Showy?"

"Oh, the smell! It was awful in there. Here, hang this up quick!"

Della took the dripping dress and hung it on the wooden hanger. And Helen felt almost fainting on the couch.

"Open the window, Della. Oh, I'm so sick."

Della threw open the window and dragged the couch before it. Helen, deathly white, was lying almost in a stupor. Shut up in the bathroom, with the fumes from two gallons of gasoline, the effect had been more than enough to make her sick and much more sickening than from gas or chloroform.

Thoroughly frightened, Della wanted to send for a doctor. But in spite of the stuper, the word "doctor" brought to Helen the thought that had dominated her through it all, "the saving of expense."

"No, no," she protested faintly. "I don't want a doctor. I'll be all right in a few minutes."

She got up and sat on the open window the horrible sense of nausea gradually passed away. Slowly, as if a stupor, she revived her head away from the worst effects of the gasoline, but left her with a throbbing sick headache, which lasted the rest of the day.

Della brought some cold cream for her hands, which were still red and smarting from the gasoline. At length she sat up, dazedly.

"Bring me the dress, Della. Let me see how it came out."

"Wait till you feel better," urged Della. "You're dead white yet, and in a daze, anyhow."

"Oh, it must be dry by this time. Bring it in. I want to see it."

Reluctantly Della brought the dress, laid it on a chair by the couch and discreetly went back to the kitchen. Helen gave one glance at it, and then buried her face in the pillow. It was ruined—ruined! All over it the dirty gasoline had settled in clouded, mottled streaks. She turned her face to the wall and burst into tears.

And this—this was the result of her efforts to economize!

FLIES ACROSS LAKE; FALLS IN RETURNING

Earl Sandt Makes Perilous Trip and Meets With Disaster.

Eric, Pa., Feb. 21.—Earl Sandt, a youthful aviator, the first birdman to fly over the great lakes from the United States to Canada, came to grief in his latest flight from the Northeast Pa., last night while attempting a return flight to the American shore.

While high in the air and 30 miles

east of his course the engine of his biplane stopped. For a time he glided toward the ice-covered lake, but suddenly the machine turned turtle and he was buried unconscious in the wreckage. How long he remained in this condition, Sandt does not know. When he recovered he was literally saturated with blood from many cuts. Aided by a pocket compass Sandt walked 10 miles to the American shore, landing at Northeast at 10 o'clock. He was found staggering along the shore by boys who were skating and later carried to a hotel. Word then was telephoned to this city.

Sandt is not injured seriously. He was brought here from Northeast at midnight in a special car. Thousands of persons, a brass band and loud blasts from shop whistles greeted him.

The chamber of commerce at Longview has arranged for the organization of a truck growers' union at that place.

Children's Noise Causes Trouble